La, Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deede.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweete beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him that ſlew my Husband,
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfe-ſame name but one of better nature,
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Shee ſpitteth at him.*
Why doeſt ſpit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,
Out of my ſight thou doeſt infect my eyes.
Glo. thine eyes ſweete Lady haue infected mine,
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,
I neuer ſued to friends nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſmoothing words.
But now thy beauty is propoſde my fee;
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach no: my lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made
For kiſſing Lady not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot for giue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe poynted ſword,
Which if you pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adorneth thee:
I lay it naked to thy deadly ſtroake:
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pauſe, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets*
Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me. *fall the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.